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Suffer Little Children to Learn How to Kill.

For the "International Socialist." By K. N. Pepper.

Tune—"When Mothers of Salem."

When boys of Australia
Refused to learn to murder,
The "Labor" gang arrested them
And forced them to drill;
For Handy Andy, ere they fled,
Had darkly frowned, and sternly said,
"Punish little children who won't learn to kill."

His gang has betrayed them,
And sold them to our masters,
Who forced the rifles in their hands
To fight for the rich;
And when they go to maim and slay,
The holy parsons loudly say,
"Suffer little children to come unto Kitch."

How kind was brave Andy
To make our children cut-throats!
But there are many millions who
Have never heard his name.
The "Bulletin" they've never read,
They know not that the "Worker" said,
"Suffer little children to learn how to kill!"



The Vampire.

bishops have been moved to protest by Lord Derby's letter. The clergy should be left at home. They may continue to urge other young men to go forth to slay and to be slain—that may be regarded as part of their spiritual mission—but they should not be asked to share in the work."—"Labor Leader."

"Mr. Hughes, the new Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, is a member of the Australian Labour Party, and we could wish that the Labour Party in this country had even one man of the stamp and calibre of Mr. Hughes."—"Morning Post."

The British Labour Party is fortunate in having no "Little Billy." Men of his "stamp and calibre" are mostly in the Liberal or Tory Camps.

From Butte, in U.S.A., comes the extraordinary news that the authorities refused to allow a memorial meeting to Mr. J. Keir Hardie to be held in the City Auditorium or on the square outside the Auditorium. The ground for refusal was that Mr. Jim Larkin, who is organising the miners in that city, was announced to be one of the speakers. The meeting was finally held in the Finnish Workers' Hall, where a crowded audience paid a tribute to "the greatest working-class leader Britain ever had."

"In view of the threat of revolution from the railwaymen addressed to the Sovran Legislature of the nation, in view of the imperium in imperio conceded to the Trade Union Parliament, in view of the manifold weaknesses of the Executive of our Constitution, is it conceivable that we can avoid much longer the enactment of Universal Compulsory Service, if the State, if the Community is to be master in its own house."—Professor Macan, the Master of University College, Oxford ("Spectator," Aug. 2).

The "intellectual elite" tell the workers that they want conscription to crush Prussian militarism, but when talking among themselves they make no secret of the fact that they want it to check trade unionism and stave off revolution.

The Ministry seems quite determined not to tell us the truth about the series of defeats we have suffered in the Gallipoli Peninsula. Yet this is the most awful disaster by far that has ever befallen England at any period. It is due to the Prime Minister, Sir Edward Grey, and, above all, to Mr. Winston Churchill; though, of course, the whole of the Liberal Ministers, and now the Tory Ministers, share the hideous responsibility. That, no doubt, is why the House of Commons is muzzled by both the capitalist factions. If the whole of the facts were known there would arise such a feeling of exasperation and hatred against all our politicians that we should not be very far from a revolution. The recall of Sir Ian Hamilton, and the cashiering of General S—, for the frightful blunder at Suvla Bay, in no wise absolve our precious rulers from blame or avenge the hundred thousand men who have been slaughtered and wounded to cover up Grey's blunders, and to give Churchill an advertisement.—"Justice."

In a recent issue of the Manchester "Guardian," a wounded officer told how the day before one of the big attacks, a curious incident occurred. From the German trenches was hoisted a board bearing the inscription:

"The English are Fools."

No man in the English ranks wasted a bullet on such poor abuse, or maybe it was that there was a certain amount of agreement with the sentiment. In any case, the board went down after a spell, to reappear with the addition:

"The French are fools."

This, in its turn, was ignored by the British trench. Then it disappeared, to come up with a third line:

"We are fools."

This self-condemnation resulted in an immediate living in interest. Again it dropped from view. For its last appearance the three lines remained, with the additional inscription:

"Why not all go home?"

The Passing Show.

Australia's New Year's gift to Moloch—50,000 more workers.

Extravagant hysterical hate thrives on stories of atrocities.

During the Boer War patriots detested a race which could "so ill-treat unfortunate natives," which could "fire on the white flag," which could "use expansive bullets."

They had the Jingo fever bad then, so bad that they could only see things from their own point of view. They were utterly incapable of seeing the other fellow's.

To-day the Germans are "Huns," "baby-killers" and "barbarians" who must be crushed in the interests of civilisation. The Allies' motives are as pure as the waters of a mountain brook. They entered the war because it was forced upon them, and they are conducting it humanely, that is, without committing any "atrocities."

"The week has produced at least an excellent piece of news. The decision of the Cabinet to denounce that part of the Declaration of London which enabled German vessels to flaunt our blockade under neutral flags is an earnest that we have no longer any intention of holding silken or cotton dalliance with the Fatherland or allowing the enemy an inch of freedom to feed himself that we can possibly withhold."

"The picture of German women and children rioting and wailing for food is not magnificent, but it is war, and it is the sort of war that will make Germany think of peace."

"Starvation is part of the price the German people have to pay for allowing themselves to be turned into a military monster."—"Sunday Chronicle," Oct. 31.

When this sort of stuff is republished in German patriotic papers it will not be surprising if the prospect of starvation for their kiddies does not make German fathers feel increased hatred of the nation that attempts it.

The revolt of Scottish tenants against increased rents is developing, and there are now some 40,000 householders defying the property owners. At every meeting held in connection with the campaign against rents enthusiastic audiences cheer the most revolutionary utterances.

One woman said that if the Government did not comply with their demand "the housewives would allow the munition workers to sleep in for a morning or two"; while another aroused great enthusiasm by a declaration that "their sons would come home to defend their homes" if the authorities did not stop evictions. "The women have learned

who their true enemies are," said a third woman; while a fourth speaker threatened "a mutiny" if the rent increases were not stopped. These are strong statements to make in the midst of war, but it is now eight months since the Women's Housing Association requested the Government to restrain the "rent-nobblers," and the Government's neglect of that request has exasperated the women, who are now in a mood to carry out their threats if the Government does not take action.

The defeat of the Labor candidate for the Wide Bay seat in the recent Queensland election has raised the hopes of Liberal leaders, but they need not plume themselves too much on their victory. The pendulum has not swung back to Liberalism, though a prince of profiteers has been elected. The recent capers of Fisher and Hughes as warmongers and conscriptionists have so disgusted the workers of the north that they were determined to give them a salutary lesson and a set-back. That is all there is to it. The treatment of Mandeno, Leslie, Jackson and Quinton helped to open their eyes and make the workers think.

America's Postmaster-General has barred from the mails Jack London's leaflet "A Good Soldier." The Australian Defence Department prohibited this leaflet soon after the war started, and the police and military scoured Sydney and Melbourne in search of it. Perhaps the two Governments interchanged "notes" about it.

Prime Minister Hughes has asked the churches to observe the first Sunday in the new year as a day of prayer and intercession. We suggest that "Little Billy" should also ask the Chinese to let off a few crackers and supplicate their Joss.

"I appeal to the employers and workmen not to have 'too late' inscribed on the portals of the workshops."—Lloyd George.

The profit hunter cannot change his penchant any more than a leopard can change his spots.

According to Mr. Saleeby in the "London Chronicle," a million English workers have been rejected as unfit for military service on account of neglected childhood due to having been reared in poverty. "Too late" British capitalists are learning that poverty does not produce good men—or men fit for soldiering.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates and men decay."

The "Bulletin" states Mr. Hughes's position: "They might as well have conscription right away" was the apt comment of Hughes two or three months ago, when details were published of the Maoriland recruiting scheme. Last week Hughes himself became the head and front of a similar scheme in Australia, and the force of the observation he passed on what Maoriland was doing stands

unimpaired for application to his own handiwork. "This Government will have nothing to do with conscription in any shape or form," was Fisher's contribution to the discussion six months ago. They were the words of a commonplace man with another sort of job in his pocket, who from the day Australia became involved in the struggle against Prussia just drifted down the stream of events, giving no indication that he knew whither or that he saw beyond the circumstances of the moment. To his successor has been left the task of converting figures of speech into actualities, of systematising Australia's participation in the war, of getting down to the bedrock of things. And Hughes's methods of making a start is to tell Australia that "the resources of the Allies . . . must be marshalled. To wage this war with less than our full strength is to commit national suicide by slowly bleeding to death," and to ask every Australian of military age to state whether he is ready to enlist, and, if not, to say why. Hughes might as well have conscription right away. It would be a less roundabout and laborious proceeding if every man were asked to show cause why he should not be given a weapon. But the shadow of voluntarism has to be preserved, and the spur of compulsion withheld, in theory if not in fact.

"If a section of trades unionists have not the wit or the patriotism to discard the strike method in war time, drastic penalties must be provided—and enforced—against such political traitors to their country."—"Adelaide Register."

Yes, why can't they be quiet while they are being skinned by price-raisers and other profit-mongers?

"Many of the men who have gone have made the same sacrifices you are asked to make."—Major-General McCay.

The men who have gone went to Gallipoli—where someone had blundered. To ask for the "same sacrifices" is surely to "prejudice recruiting."

"I am not going through eternity haunted by the hosts of slain young men who have lost their lives because of my inducing them to join the army."—Phillip Snowden.

If Phillip Snowden really believes in heaven, he should recruit for all he is worth and so hurry the young men to the realms of bliss. He shouldn't believe that the young men who had lost their lives would "haunt" him "through eternity" for inducing them to enlist. He should rather, if he was logical, look forward to receiving their grateful congratulations for having caused them to reach heaven much sooner than they otherwise would have done.

"Truly the Bishops and Archbishops are peculiar people. How many times have they assured their flock that this war is a holy one, calling for the enthusiastic support of the Christian community and for the sacrifice of the blood of its young men? If that is so, surely the clergy, the leaders of the hosts, should spring to the front lines with flourishing bayonets. But the Bishops and Arch-

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Write on paper not larger than letter-paper, and thin enough to avoid getting us fined for over-weight.

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Write briefly and clearly, as long and undecipherable articles stand no chance of publication.

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He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valour.—Shakespeare.

The New Year.

With this issue we commence a new year. The year just ended has been one of strenuous endeavor and continuous battling for us.

In ordinary times it is difficult to keep a Socialist paper afloat, but in war time the difficulties are trebled and continuous publication becomes almost a forlorn hope.

However, we have weathered it so far, and the little "International" is still carrying its message to the many good comrades in distant and nearby places who have stuck faithfully to it.

We have to thank all who have helped to keep the paper going. Some have been generous with assistance in the shape of cash, others have worked hard for subs., while a few have helped splendidly with voice and pen.

The influence of the "International" has been out of all proportion to its size. Many Socialist and Labor papers have reprinted parts, and articles from its columns, so that the circulation of the views expressed by its writers has been much wider than otherwise would have been the case.

The achievement during the past year, then, is something to be proud of. It is something that should encourage us all to make a New Year's resolution to attempt to do better in 1916.

At this time of the year we should be in the festive season, but owing to the madness of the few and the ignorance of the many, few will feel festive and many will have only a gloomy outlook.

This state of things is not the fault of Socialists. We have done our best to educate the masses, to forecast what was coming, and to warn and urge them to organize the struggle for better conditions.

If the masses have had a doleful Christmas, and if their outlook for 1916 is dark, we are not to blame. We have struggled to make conditions better, to make Christmas a "Merry Christmas," and each New Year's coming a time of hope and festivity. There is no logical reason why this time of the year should not be a time of jollity and good living, a time of sociality and universal enjoyment. Children's eyes should now be sparkling with enjoyment and their laughter blending with the sound of music and dancing. There is no solid reason why the tables of the poorest should not be bending beneath a weight of good cheer, nor is there any that there should not be peace on earth and goodwill between men.

Readers of this paper know why such a happy state of things is non-existent. They know that the world is blighted by an insane system which blinds men to possibilities and keeps them grubbing in the mire and wallowing in a slough of despondency.

To know so much is to be in the possession of a mighty truth—a truth which is sweet, and one which will ultimately free the world. To "know the position" means strength and will-power. It means virility and ultimate triumph over meekness, servi-

Women.

THEIR PART IN THE MAKING OF INDUSTRIES.

Professor Otis T. Mason.

"Let us follow the savage woman through her daily cares, in order that we may comprehend the significance of her part in the play. The slain deer lying before her cave, or bush-shelter, or wigwam, shall be the point of departure in the inquiry. She strikes off a sharp flake of flint for a knife. By that act she becomes the first cutler, the real founder of Sheffield. With this knife she carefully removes the skin, little dreaming that she is thereby making herself the patron saint of all subsequent butchers. She rolls up the hide, then dresses it with brains, smokes it, curries it, breaks it with implements of stone and bone, with much toil and sweat, until she makes her reputation as the first currier and tanner. With fingers weary and worn, with needles and bone, and thread of sinew, and scissors of flint, she cuts and makes the clothing for her lord and her family; no sign is over the door, but within dwells the first tailor and dress-maker. From leather especially prepared she cuts and makes mocassins for her husband. . . . Out of little scraps of fur and feathers, supplemented with bits of coloured shell or stone or seed, she dresses dolls for her children, makes head-dresses and toggery for the coming dance, adorns the wall of her squalid dwelling, creating at a single pass a dozen modern industries—at once a toy maker, milliner, modiste, hatter, upholsterer, and wall-decker. She was at first, and is now, the universal cook, preserving food from decomposition and doubling the longevity of man. Of the bones, at last she fabricates her needles and charms. . . . From the grasses around her cabin she constructs the floor-mat, the mattress, the screen, the wallet, the sail. She is the mother of all spinners, weavers, upholsterers, sailmakers. Counting and varying stitches, and adding bits of black, blue, red, and yellow on her textures, she becomes the first decorative artist; she invents the chevrons, herring-bones, frets and scrolls of all future art. To the field she goes with this basket or wallet strapped across her forehead. By the sweat of her face she earns her bread and becomes the first pack animal that ever bent under a burden in the world. . . . Home she comes with her load of acorns, roots, seeds, etc., and proceeds to crush them in a mortar or to roll them on a stone slab. Here she appears clearly as the primitive miller. Or, perchance, she lays her seeds in a flat tray, and by help of the wind or a hot stone removes the chaff. Here begins her first lesson in threshing. . . . Perhaps with a stick, hardened and pointed in the fire, she digs the roots from the earth, or cleans or tears away troublesome weeds from useful plants, or digs a hole and drops the seeds of pumpkins, gourds, or maize therein. While we watch her working we are looking at the first gardener, farmer, and nurseryman. It may be that on some lonely plain or alluvial river bank there is no shelter to shelter her and her babes. How long will it take this aforesaid basket-maker and leather-worker to devise a shelter of grass or skin, and become the architect primeval? . . . The primeval woman was not a potter. It was not until near the polished stone age that she became the primitive plastic artist. This is true, however, that every form, decoration, and function of pottery were invented by woman. . . . In the struggle for existence and exaltation which takes place among many occupations, as among individuals and species, militancy no longer demands all man's waking movements. The arts devised by woman are in the ascendancy, and the man militant has glorified them by his co-operation. Her very ancient digging stick is now a plough; her rude carrying-strap over aching forehead is now the railway train; her woman's boat, the ocean steamer, her stone hand-mill, the costly roller mill; her simple scraper for softening hides, the great tanneries and the shoe factories; her distaff and web-stick, the power-loom; her clay and smooth pebble, the potter's wheel; her sharpened stick and bundle of hairs are all the apparatus of the plastic and pictorial arts. . . . In the early history of art, language, social life, and religion, women were the industrial, elaborative, conservative half of society. All the peaceful arts of to-day were once woman's peculiar province. Along the lines of industrialism she was pioneer, inventor, author, originator."—From "Man and Woman." Havelock Ellis.

ly, prayerfulness, and tearfulness. Socialists cannot be put down because they know the truth and are fighting for justice. As Shakespeare says, "Thrice is he armed who hath a quarrel just." The strongest governments have tried to put Socialists down and have failed. Our Australian government made many attempts in 1915 to stop the spread of Socialism but failed, and we face the forces of reaction and the New Year with the acquired strength which success in conflict brings.

Satan had power over the air; consequently he controlled the frost, the milkew, the lightning and the flood; and the principal business of the church was with bells, and holy water and incense, and crosses, to defeat the machinations of that prince of the power of the air.

Great reliance was placed upon the bells; they were sprinkled with holy water, and their clangor cleared the air of imps and fiends. And bells also protected the people from storms and lightnings. In that day

On Sunday, the 21st of November 1694, a babe was born, a babe so exceedingly frail that the breath hesitated about remaining, and the parents had him baptised as soon as possible. They were anxious to save the soul of this babe, and they knew that if death came before baptism the child would be doomed to an eternity of pain. They knew that God despised an unsprinkled child. The priest who, with a few drops of water, gave the name of Francois-Marie Arouet to this babe and saved his soul—little thought that before him, wrapped in many folds, weakly wailing, scarcely breathing, was the one destined to tear from the white throat of Liberty the cruel murderous claws of the "Triumphant Beast."

When Voltaire came to this "great stage of fools," his country had been Christianised—not civilized—for about fourteen hundred years. For a thousand years the religion of peace and goodwill had been supreme. The laws had been given by Christian kings, and sanctioned by "wise and holy men."

Under the benign reign of universal love, every court had its chamber of torture, and every priest relied on the thumb-screw and rack.

Such had been the success of the blessed gospel that every science was an outcast.

To speak your honest thoughts, to teach your fellow-men, to investigate for yourself, to seek the truth, these were all crimes, and the "holy mother church" pursued criminals with sword and flame.

The believers in a God of love—an infinite father—punished hundreds of offences with torture and death. Suspected persons were tortured to make them confess. Convicted persons were tortured to make them give the names of their accomplices. Under the leadership of the church, cruelty became the only reforming power.

In this blessed year, 1694, all authors were at the mercy of king and priest. The most of them were cast into prisons, impoverished by fines and costs, exiled or executed.

The little time that hangmen could snatch from professional duties was occupied in burning books.

The courts of justice were traps, in which the innocent were caught. The judges were almost as malicious as though they had been bishops or saints. There was no trial by jury, and the rules of evidence allowed the conviction of the supposed criminal by the proof of the suspicion or hearsay.

The witness, being liable to be tortured, generally told what the judges wished to hear.

The supernatural and the miraculous controlled the world. Everything was explained, but nothing understood. The church was at the head. The sick bought from monks little amulets of consecrated paper. They did not send for a doctor, but for a priest, and the priest sold the deceased and the dying these magical amulets. These little pieces of paper with the help of some saint would cure diseases of every kind. If you would put one in a cradle, it would keep the child from being bewitched, if you would put one in a barn, the rats would not eat your corn. If you would keep one in the house, evil spirits would not enter your doors, and if you buried them in the fields, you would have good weather, the frosts would be delayed, rain would come when needed, and abundant crops would bless your labor. The church insisted that all diseases could be cured in the name of God, and that these cures could be effected by prayers, exorcism, by touching bones of saints, or pieces of the true cross; by being sprinkled with holy water or with sanctified salt, or touched with magical oil.

In that day the dead saints were the best physicians; St. Valentine cured the epilepsy; St. Gervasius was exceedingly good for rheumatism; St. Michael for cancer; St. Judas for coughs and cold; St. Ovidius restored the hearing; St. Sebastian was good for the bites of snakes and the stings of poisonous insects; St. Apollonia for toothache; St. Clara for any trouble of the eyes; and St. Hubert for hydrophobia. It was known that doctors reduced the revenues of the church; that was enough—science was the enemy of religion.

The church thought the air was full of devils; that every sinner was a kind of tenement house inhabited by evil spirits; that angels were on one side of men and evil spirits on the other, and that God would, when the subscriptions and donations justified the effort, drive the evil spirits from the field.

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VOLTAIRE.

By Robert G. Ingersoll.

the church used to anathematise insects. Suits were commenced against rats, and judgment rendered. Every monastery had its master magician, who sold incense and salt and tapers and consecrated palms and relics. Every science was regarded as an enemy; every fact held the creed of the church in scorn. Investigators were regarded as dangerous; thinkers were traitors, and the church exerted its vast power to prevent the intellectual progress of man.

There was no real liberty, no real education; no real philosophy, no real science—nothing but credulity and superstition. The world was under the control of Satan and the church.

The church firmly believed in the existence of witches and devils and fiends. In this way the church had every enemy within her power. It simply had to charge him with being a wizard, of holding communications with devils, and the ignorant mob were willing to tear him to pieces. So prevalent was this belief, this belief in the supernatural, that the poor people were finally driven to make the best possible terms with the spirit of evil. This frightful doctrine filled every friend with suspicion of his friend; it made the husband denounce the wife, children their parents, parents their children. It destroyed the amenities of humanity; it did away with justice in courts; it broke the bond of friendship; it filled with poison the golden cup of life; it turned earth into a very perdition peopled with abominable, malicious and hideous fiends.

Such was the result of a belief in the supernatural; such was the result of giving up the evidence of their own senses and relying upon dreams, visions and fears. Such was the result of the attack upon the human reason; such was the result of depending on the imagination, on the supernatural; such the result of living in this world for another; of depending upon priests instead of upon ourselves. The Protestants vied with the Catholics; Luther stood side by side with the priests he had deserted in prompting his belief in devils and fiends. To the Catholic every Protestant was possessed by a devil; to the Protestant every Catholic was the home of a fiend. All order, all regular succession of causes and effects were known no more; the natural ceased to exist; the learned and the ignorant were on a level. The priest was caught in the net he had spread for the peasant, and Christendom became a vast madhouse, with the insane for keepers.

When Voltaire was born the church ruled and owned France. The priests were mostly libertines, the judges cruel and venal. The royal palace was a house of prostitution. The nobles were heartless, proud, arrogant and cruel to the last degree. The common people were treated as beasts. It took the church a thousand years to bring about this happy condition of things.

The seeds of the Revolution unconsciously were being scattered by every noble and by every priest. They were germinating slowly in the hearts of the wretches; they were being watered by the tears of agony; blows began to bear interest. There was a faint longing for blood. Workmen, blackened by the sun, bowed by labor, deformed by want, looked at the white throats of scornful ladies and thought about cutting them.

In those days witnesses were cross-examined with instruments of torture; the church was the arsenal of superstition, miracles, relics, angels and devils were as common as lies. . . . Nobles and priests were sacred. Peasants were vermin. Idleness sat at the banquet, and industry gathered the crumbs and crusts.

Voltaire was of the people. In the language of that day, he had no ancestors. His real name was Francois-Marie Arouet. His mother was Marguerite d'Aumard. . . . Voltaire began to think, to doubt, to inquire. He studied the history of the church, of the creed. He found that the religion of his time rested on the inspiration of the Scriptures—the infallibility of the church—the dreams of insane hermits—the absurdities of the Fathers—the mistakes and falsehoods of saints—the hysteria of nuns—the cunning of priests and the stupidity of the people. He found that the Emperor Constantine, who lifted Christianity into power, murdered his wife Fausta and his eldest son Crispus, the same year that he convened the Council of Nice, to decide whether Christ was a man or the Son of God. The Council decided, in the year 325, that Christ was consubstantial with the Father. He found that the church was indebted to a husband who assassinated his wife—a father who murdered his son, for settling the vexed question of the divinity of the Saviour. He found that Theodosius called a council at Constantinople in 381, by which it was decided that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father—that Theodosius, the younger, assembled a council at Ephesus in 431, that declared the Virgin Mary to be the mother of God—that the Emperor Marcian called another council at Chalcedon in 451, that decided that Christ

had two wills—that Bagnatius called another in 680, that declared that Christ had two natures to go with his two wills—and that in 1274, at the Council of Lyons, the important fact was found that the Holy Ghost "proceeded," not only from the Father, but also from the Son at the same time.

So, it took about 1,300 years to find out a few things that had been revealed by an infinite God to his infallible church.

Voltaire found that this insane creed had filled the world with cruelty and fear. He found that vestments were more sacred than virtues—that images and crosses—pieces of old bones and bits of wood were more precious than the rights and lives of men, and that the keepers of these relics were the enemies of the human race.

With all the energy of his nature—with every faculty of his mind—he attacked this "Triumphant Beast."

Voltaire was the apostle of common sense. He knew that there could have been no primitive or first language from which all other languages had been formed. He knew that every language had been influenced by the surroundings of the people. He knew that the language of snow and ice was not the language of palm and flower. He knew also that there had been no miracle in language. He knew that it was impossible that the story of the Tower of Babel should be true. He knew that everything in the whole world had been natural. He was the enemy of alchemy, not only in language but in science. One passage from him is enough to show his philosophy in this regard. He says: "To transmute iron into gold, two things are necessary: first, the annihilation of the iron; second, the creation of gold."

Voltaire gave us the philosophy of history. Voltaire was a man of humor, of good nature, of cheerfulness. He despised with all his heart the philosophy of Calvin, the creed of the sombre, of the severe, of the unnatural. He pitied those who needed the aid of religion to be honest, to be cheerful. He had the courage to enjoy the present and the philosophy to bear what the future might bring. And yet for more than a hundred and fifty years the Christian world has fought this man and maligned his memory. In every Christian pulpit his name has been pronounced with scorn, and every pulpit has been an arsenal of slander. He is one man of whom no orthodox minister has ever told the truth. He has been denounced equally by Catholics and Protestants.

Priests and ministers, bishops and exhorters, presiding elders and popes have filled the world with slanders, with calumnies about Voltaire. I am amazed that ministers will not or cannot tell the truth about an enemy of the church. As a matter of fact, for more than one thousand years, almost every pulpit has been a mint in which slanders have been coined.

Voltaire made up his mind to destroy the superstition of his time.

He fought with every weapon that genius could devise or use. He was the greatest of all caricaturists, and he used this wonderful gift without mercy. For pure crystallised wit, he had no equal. The art of flattery was carried by him to the height of an exact science. He knew and practised every subterfuge. He fought the army of hypocrisy and pretence, the army of faith and falsehood.

Voltaire was annoyed by the meaner and baser spirits of his time, by the cringers and crawlers, by the fawners and pretenders, by those who wished to gain favor of priests, the patronage of nobles. Sometimes he allowed himself to be annoyed by these wretches; sometimes he attacked them. And, but for these attacks, long ago they would have been forgotten. In the amber of his genius Voltaire preserved these insects, these tarantulas, these scorpions.

It is fashionable to say that he was not profound. This is because he was not stupid. In the presence of absurdity he laughed, and was called irreverent. He thought God would not damn even a priest forever—this was regarded as blasphemy.

He endeavored to prevent Christians from murdering each other, and did what he could to civilize the disciples of Christ.

Had he founded a sect, obtained control of some country, and burned a few heretics at slow fires, he would have won the admiration, respect and love of the Christian world. Had he only pretended to believe all the fables of antiquity, had he mumbled Latin prayers, counted beads, crossed himself, devoured now and then the flesh of God, and carried fagots to the feet of Philosophy in the name of Christ, he might have been in heaven at this moment, enjoying a sight of the damned.

If he had only adopted the creed of his time—if he had asserted that a God of infinite power and mercy had created millions and billions of human beings to suffer eternal pain, and all for the sake of his glorious justice—if he had given to the nostrils of this God the odor of burning flesh—the incense of the fagot—if he had filled his ears with the shrieks of the tortured—the music of the rack, he would now be known as Saint Voltaire.

For many years this restless man filled Europe with the product of his brain. Essays, epigrams, epics, comedies, tragedies,

histories, poems, novels, representing every phase and faculty of the human mind. Sleeping and waking he hated the church. With the eyes of Argus he watched, and with the arms of Briareus he struck. For sixty years he waged continuous and unrelenting war, sometimes in the open field, sometimes striking from the hedges of opportunity.

It has been claimed by the Christian critics that Voltaire was irreverent; that he examined sacred things without solemnity; that he refused to remove his shoes in the presence of the Burning Bush; that he smiled at the geology of Moses, the astronomical ideas of Joshua, and that the biography of Jonah filled him with laughter. They say that these stories, these sacred impossibilities, these inspired falsehoods, should be read and studied with a believing mind in humbleness of spirit; that they should be examined reverently, asking God at the same time to give us strength to triumph over the conclusions of our reason. These critics imagine that a falsehood can be old enough to be venerable, and that to stand covered in its presence is the act of an irreverent scoffer. Voltaire approached the mythology of the Jews precisely as he did the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, or the mythology of the Chinese or the Iroquois Indians.

There is nothing in this world too sacred to be investigated, to be understood. The philosopher does not hide. Secrecy is not the friend of truth. No man should be reverent at the expense of his reason. Nothing should be worshipped until the reason has been convinced that it is worthy of worship.

So Voltaire has been called a mocker.

What did he mock. He mocked kings that were unjust; kings who cared nothing for the sufferings of their subjects. He mocked the titled fools of his day. He mocked the courts; the meanness, the tyranny and the brutality of judges. He mocked the absurd and cruel laws, the barbarous customs. He mocked popes and cardinals and bishops and priests, and all the hypocrites on the earth. He mocked historians who filled their books with lies, and philosophers who defended superstition. He mocked the haters of liberty, the persecutors of their fellow-men. He mocked the arrogance, the cruelty, the impudence, and the unspeakable baseness of his time.

Voltaire for many years, in spite of his surroundings, in spite of almost universal tyranny and oppression, was a believer in God and what he was pleased to call the religion of nature. He attacked the creed of his time because it was dishonorable to his God. He thought of the Deity as a father, as the fountain of justice, intelligence and mercy, and the creed of the Catholic Church made him a monster of cruelty and stupidity. He attacked the Bible with all the weapons at his command. He assailed its geology, its astronomy, its idea of justice, its laws and customs, its absurd and useless miracles, its foolish wonders, its ignorance on all subjects, its insane prophecies, its cruel threats and its extravagant promises.

At the same time he praised the God of nature, the God who gives us rain and light and food and flowers and health and happiness—who fills the world with youth and beauty.

Such a man was Voltaire. He was the champion of the oppressed and helpless. He was the Caesar to whom the victims of the church and state appealed. He stood for the intellect and heart of his time.

And yet for a hundred and fifty years those who love their enemies have exhausted the vocabulary of hate, the ingenuity of malice and mendacity, in their efforts to save their stupid creeds from the genius of Voltaire.

From a great height he surveyed the world. His horizon was large. He had some vices—these he shared in common with the priests—his virtues were his own.

At school, he read and studied the works of Cicero—the lord of language—probably the greatest orator that has uttered speech, and the words of the Roman remained in his brain. He became, in spite of the spirit of caste, a believer in the equality of men. He said:

"Men are born equal."

"Let us respect virtue and merit."

"Let us have it in the heart that men are equal."

He was an abolitionist—the enemy of slavery in all its forms. He did not think that the color of one man gave him the right to steal from another man on account of that man's color. He was the friend of serf and peasant, and did what he could to protect animals, wives and children from the fury of those who loved their neighbors as themselves.

It was Voltaire who sowed the seeds of liberty in the heart and brain of Franklin, of Jefferson and Thomas Paine.

Voltaire believed in the religion of humanity—of good and generous deeds. For many centuries the church had painted virtue so ugly, sour and cold, that vice was regarded as beautiful. Voltaire taught the beauty of the useful, the hatefulness and hideousness of superstition.

He was not the greatest of poets, or of dramatists, but he was the greatest man of

Adela Pankhurst and the War.

I have been filled with quite a glow of enthusiasm, of joy and appreciation of Adela Pankhurst. In the capitalist rags I read of her recent lecture in Melbourne and her triumph over the uniformed hooligans at the meeting. What gave me exceptional joy was the title of her lecture "Should Men Enlist." At a time like the present, this was indeed throwing down the gauntlet to empty-headed patriotism. I discriminate between ignorant patriotism and intelligent patriotism and certainly Miss Pankhurst was the real patriot and took the palm for pluck. That a mob of howling larrikins should override all rules of decency, and after taking possession, be put in their places by two courageous women who delivered the lecture that they went there for, is a feat to be proud of and I for one admire it. And now I am going to criticise Miss Pankhurst in her writings and speeches.

In reply to my short article she says, "I should understand that it is her duty as a representative of the organisation she spoke for to expound the platform of those organisations rather than her own private views." I use her own words, "that these parties represent persons of all political views."

This is my criticism:—

If she is trying to represent parties of all political views, and her own private views are different, then she is in precisely the same position as Andrew Fisher when he offered the last man and the last shilling on behalf of the capitalists of the country. Further, she admits or states that there is only one "way out," and that way is "the remodelling of our social life upon a same basis of co-operation, so that we produce for use and not for profit." That is Socialism. Yet she speaks on behalf of a party composed of persons of all political views.

As a representative of that party how can she expect that party to point the "way out," or to take any steps towards "the way out," when such a party must represent a veritable jungle itself of political views, or the want of them.

If it was alright to sell her book when acting as the representative of such a party, the said book pointing clearly to Socialism as the only logical solution, then why was it not equally all right to point the obvious remedy in her speech? If, as she says, she has been looking for "the way out" ever since she can remember and having come to the conclusion that "the way out" is Socialism, then why, as she is evidently possessed of abundant courage, why not openly say so?

This is the main part of my criticism.

I will now proceed to explain what I mean when I say that she has placed herself in the same position as Andrew Fisher.

She states that Andrew Fisher was a working man and a representative of working men when he offered the last man and the last shilling. I deny it.

When Andrew Fisher did that he represented the capitalist class, and the capitalist class only.

Anyone with an ounce of brains knows that this is not a workers' war. Andrew Fisher knows it and stated it plainly to a deputation that waited on him in regard to conscription. In that interview some two months ago he repudiated conscription for one reason that he would not compel any individual to fight in the interests of a privileged class.

As for wars not being capitalist wars, any such assertion is utter bosh. Will Miss Pankhurst point to one or two of the wars that have not been caused by the privileged class for gain?

Just instance one war that has not been fought over surplus values. Even religious wars have had surplus values as causes.

As for the workers: for the most part they are induced into it by one pretext or another or else driven by economic necessity. In her criticism of individual Socialists taking sides in the present international conflict, I would point out that whatever sides Socialists take as individuals, remember that we are under capitalism and they are divided in their views under present circumstances. This does not alter the fact that Socialism itself would end wars for all

his time, the greatest friend of freedom and the deadliest foe of superstition.

He did more to break the chains of superstition—to drive the phantoms of fear from the heart and brain, to destroy the authority of the church and to give liberty to the world than any other of the sons of men. In the highest, the holiest sense he was the most profoundly religious man of his time.

From his throne at the foot of the Alps, he pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Europe. For half a century, past rack and stake, past dungeon and cathedral, past altar and throne, he carried with brave hands the sacred torch of Reason, whose light at last will flood the world.

Unity Meeting at Melbourne.

A.S.P., THE S.L.P. & DETROIT I.W.W. HOLD A CONFERENCE.

Members of the above organisations met on December 19th at the A.S.P. Hall. Comrade O'Shannessy (A.S.P.) was voted to the chair, and Miss Gardiner minute secretary.

The chairman briefly stated the object of the meeting, i.e., to discuss some scheme whereby the three Socialist organisations might amalgamate and thus become a powerful and effective union for the propaganda of Socialism in Australia.

Comrade J. R. Wilson, as prime mover of the scheme, stated that Australia was the only country in the world in which two socialist parties having the same objective, viz., opposition to Capitalism and its giant arm, Militarism, were disunited. The time had come when the parties represented at this meeting should united as the policy of each was the same. It was to the advantage of the three parties to unite. Amongst other benefits would be an increase of outdoor and indoor speakers.

The A.S.P. in Australia had endorsed the Socialist I.W.W. (Detroit). We ought to get unity here in Victoria. If we resolve to unite as one political party it will be instrumental in getting people in who see no sense in the three parties being separate bodies. Our present attitude is confusing to those of the working class whom we are always telling to unite as workers of the world. The policy of the three parties represented at this meeting is substantially and fundamentally the same. He moved:

"That this meeting of S.L.P., I.W.W., and A.S.P. members here assembled, recognising the need for Socialist Unity, pledge themselves to form one Socialist Political Party, with principles and policy same as the S.L.P. or A.S.P., and that all who vote in favour of the resolution resolve to come together irrespective of those who may vote against same or the consent of the organisations to which we belong, and that we decide at this meeting the name of the united party (if a new name be necessary) or whether we become a branch of the A.S.P. or S.L.P., also that this meeting decide in the event of adopting a new name which paper we endorse and also where headquarters shall be."

The resolution was seconded by Comrade Speers (A.S.P.).

Com. Halfpenny (S.L.P.) asked the chairman, "If this resolution be carried, will not both parties become disloyal to their own party?"

Com. Wilson replied "It is not disloyal to the principles of Socialism, which all members are out to support. As the Unity Conference in Sydney failed, but chiefly on the matter of there being only one newspaper as the united parties' official organ, it was the duty of the three Victorian organisations to endorse a local unity scheme to strengthen the propaganda of Socialism."

Com. M. Finberg (Det. I.W.W.), a member for twelve years of his party, deplored the little progress made in that time and asked why? We are fighting one another instead of the Master Class. He would like to see unity with the three parties concerned and wants something achieved. Our one prospect of making progress is unity. Loyalty to principles he put first, loyalty to party second.

Miss Gardiner (A.S.P.) was entirely in favour of unity and disagreed entirely from Com. Halfpenny's view in asking the chairman his question.

Com. Bonington (Det. I.W.W.) said all are in favour of unity in his party.

Com. Jeffreys (A.S.P.): "What we want is a propaganda party in Australia but cannot get it while we are disunited. With a big and effective organisation we could make the working class as a whole understand what Socialism is. We tell workers of the world to unite, yet ourselves remain disunited."

Com. Halfpenny said he was out for unity and had been for the last 20 years. He counselled patience and perseverance among the younger members of the three parties, but he wished to act in a constitutional manner. He was able to say that the chief bar against unity had been recently removed and that was the trouble regarding Com. Batho and the printing plant of "The People," the official organ of the S.L.P. The printing press had been made a present to Batho. What is the reason therefore why we should not have here and in New South Wales, one big, united Socialist Party.

(Continued on page 4.)

time, such conflicts becoming impossible under a clean, sane system of co-operation for use instead of for profit.

To sum up, my criticism is that Miss Pankhurst is trying to do what Labour politicians try to do when they endeavour to legislate for all classes when she endeavours to represent parties composed of all political opinions, whose economic interests must be opposed to a real "way out." There is the danger, and there in my opinion she loses the effectiveness of her efforts.

WYATT JONES.

The Harvest.

To-day we reap the fruit of evil seed.
Sown by earth's lords whilst Labour was asleep:
The deadly fruits of jealousy and greed,
To-day we reap.

Falshoods they sowed, and hatreds, whence proceed
These savage wars by air and land and deep;
Murder and lust, and British thought and deed.

Behold! Man's cities burn, his daughters weep,
His strong sons perish as the worthless weed:
Hell's hosts once more their feast of harvest
keep—
To-day we reap!

T. W. MERCER
—Labour Leader.

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange.

Headquarters, 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.

LUKE JONES.

General Secretary

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

Next meeting of the C.E. will be held on Sat. Jan. 8.

LUKE JONES,
Gen. Sec.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

There was no meeting on the Bank, Sunday, 10th December, owing to the party attending a Unity Meeting, of which a report has been sent to this paper.

In the evening Com. Max Szepansky presided at the usual meeting. This was our comrade's first appearance in the chair. It needed merely a little practice in the speaking class to bring him out of his shell. He is a student of Socialist literature and of international politics, and being blessed with a retentive memory, needs only some experience on the platform to develop into a clear, incisive speaker.

The lecturer was Comrade H. Spencer Wood, and his subject "Belgian Atrocities in the Congo." He quoted from Conan Doyle's book, mentioning that as the creator of Sherlock Holmes was a British patriot and above suspicion, his facts were taken to be true. The natives were communists before the advent of the Rubber Trust Agents. For a few clothes and some rum the native chiefs traded their land to the white man. The Congo is over 2,000 miles long in some parts, and is rich in rubber plantations. The late King of the Belgians made several millions sterling out of Congo rubber. The atrocities committed on the black people included floggings with rhinoceros hide whips, their hands cut off, and men, women and children shot down mercilessly like animals. The "greatness" of all nations was based on slavery, and numerous capitalists had made their fortunes in supplying African black slaves to capitalists of other nations.

In the march of civilization native races have to adapt themselves to conditions of capitalism or be exterminated. Many black races had therefore been wiped out. Wherever capitalism went it brought only the morality of I. S. d.

Saturday's dance (18th December) had a good attendance, and the weather being cool, a pleasant evening was spent by the assembled company.

At tea on Sunday, 19th, there was a

He moved as an amendment:—

"That this meeting call on the Executive at headquarters (Sydney) of both branches to arrange an immediate conference of all members representing N.S.W. and Victoria and that if necessary delegates' expenses from here be paid if conference be held in Sydney, or vice versa if held in Melbourne."

Seconded by Com. Harris (S.L.P.), who said he was entirely in favour of a big united organisation and that from Melbourne a demand for unity had been sent to their headquarters in Sydney.

The amendment was then put to the meeting, and resulted—

In favour 10

Against 33

The motion of J. R. Wilson was then

voted on and resulted—

In favour 34

Against 9

Com. Halfpenny protested against the wording of the last clause of the resolution.

J. R. Wilson replied that it was quite in order. Further discussion resulting on the supposed antagonistic attitude of certain members towards the scheme of unity, Com. Speers. (A.S.P.) moved a resolution which was carried:—

"That a special meeting of local bodies be called for Jan. 16th prox."

It was resolved that the minute secretary circularise members of the three organisations to this effect.

The meeting then adjourned.

bumper attendance, as many of our members stayed after the unity meeting and waited to hear Com. Wood's lecture later on.

Our Sunday tea is always a social gathering where plain living and high thinking abound, and those who do not attend regularly miss that interchange of advanced thought which specially distinguishes Socialists from the ordinary unthinking, "be content with your wages" slaves of the master class.

Our picnic on Boxing Day will be held at Hampton, one of the most pleasant and get-at-able of seaside resorts, where mixed bathing is the joy of a long summer day.

In the evening a dance will take place in the hall for members and their friends.

J.M. Press Corr.

NEWTOWN BRANCH.

Branch Rooms, 41 Enmore-road, Newtown.

Economic and Debating Class held every Wednesday night.

Dancing Class held every Monday night.

PROPAGANDA FIXTURES.

Saturday night: Newtown Bridge.

F. Hancock, J. Kilburn.

Sunday night: Newtown Bridge.

F. Hancock, J. Kilburn.

RAY EVERITT, Secretary.

Policies to Order.

"Vorwärts" has managed to secure a "State" document even in these war times. It is a confidential circular sent out on April 10 by Herr von Loebell, the Prussian Home Secretary. The circular says that "the great and manifold problems which will have to be solved after the war demand on the part of the authorities the cultivation of special relations with the Press; an increased attention to journalistic tendencies and views, and a more intense effort to gain, wherever possible, influence on the attitude of the Press." With this object in view, Herr von Loebell seeks to establish a Central German Press Bureau, in the form of a limited liability company, which shall supply the local and provincial Press with "copy" of all kinds, either in M.S. or "stereo," at very low prices. This looks like blacklegging the ordinary Press-agencies in the interests of the Imperial Government.

"Vorwärts," commenting on this circular, says: "At a time when, through the compulsion of the civil truce, we are being deprived of the right to discuss such burning questions of Prussian policy as the question of the franchise, the right of combination, the problems of taxation, and of social legislation, when limits are imposed upon us even on the exceedingly grave question of national food supply—at such a time an influential Prussian Minister is allowed to work in quiet—thus the more effectively—upon the 'organisation of domestic policy,' and to prepare future elections in accordance with his desires."

"L'Humanite" of November 1 gives Herr von Loebell's circular in full.

The Strike of Sir E. Carson.

Mr. William Leach, for some time leader of the Labor Party on the Bradford City Council, and present editor of the "Bradford Pioneer," a small but smart Labor paper, sent the following letter to the "Yorkshire Observer" on the occasion of the resignation of Sir Edward Carson from the British Cabinet:

October 20, 1915.

Sir,—You report to-day that Sir Edward Carson has struck work. At a moment of grave national crisis he has "downed tools" and left his job, presumably because of a difference with his foreman. Naturally, a host of questions come crowding to one's mind. His job was even more important than that of a South Wales miner, and the questions ought to be answered. Can you, sir, tell me if the Munitions Act covers his case? He was undoubtedly employed on war work in a Government establishment. Will he be fined or sent to prison? Will there be a demand that he shall be lined up against a wall and shot? Will any celebrated novelist or public man denounce him as a traitor? Is there any ground for the fear that his strike has been brought about by secret German influences? Will his leaving certificate be withheld?

The public is entitled to an answer on these matters.—I am, etc.,
WILLIAM LEACH.

ECONOMIC DETERMINISM.

Men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

—Shakespeare.

Liebknecht Group Closed.

The military authorities in Essen and district have forbidden many of the Socialists who signed the protest of the famous 700 against the pro-war policy of the party from speaking or distributing leaflets during the war. They were told that this was not done because they were Social Democrats, but because they were members of the Liebknecht group. If they would withdraw their signatures and express regret they were promised that the prohibition would be withdrawn!

Mr. G. F. Steward, the "Daily News" correspondent at Rotterdam, says: "I learn from a neutral traveller, with the very best reasons for the accuracy of his statements, that the activity at the various Zeppelin centres is now greater than at any previous period of the war. At Berlin new sheds are being erected, whilst at Friedrichshaven, Hamburg and Wilhelmshaven all work is being pushed forward with feverish haste."

"The Germans are convinced that they did more damage in London than has been admitted, and they say their experience has been such that they hope to do a great deal more. At any rate, they are building new airships with great speed, especially for work over England, which they think has no means of countering their moves in the air."

Commenting on the report of the "Aberpost" of Berlin, that the German Government has sent a message of thanks to the Dutch Government for the assistance given by the crew of the lifeboat Brandaris to shipwrecked German airmen in the North Sea, the Dutch Socialist daily, "Het Volk," says:—

"We ask one question: If the German Government has reason to be grateful to us, should they not be prepared to render us some service in return? Should they not do everything to prevent German airmen from violating the neutrality of the Netherlands? Our Government prohibits the immediate dispatch of reports to England when German airships fly across our territory in order to drop bombs on English towns."

"We are convinced that our Government with firm hands is defending our neutrality, but in view of the merry cruising of German airmen through 'Dutch air' on the one hand, while on the other we prohibit reporting the same to England, we cannot completely deny that we appear to be inclining more or less to the German side. The prohibition is very mysterious for the great mass of people."

"How the interests of the politicians and the interests of the permanent bureaucracy work together for the persistent fleecing of the public."—The "Spectator."

The mugs and thugs decided they would form a patriot band.

To fight the foes of righteousness they saw on every hand.

The mugs went forth, but soon returned with many a wound and scar.

The thugs remained to drink to those who engineered the war.

A sample copy of this paper is an invitation to become a subscriber.

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AUBURN BRANCH.

The above branch meets every Monday night at comrade Jenkin's residence, Kurralah Road, Auburn.

Those who desire to join the branch and help in forwarding the Socialist cause should hand in their names to the branch secretary.

J. J. KEGG.

Books and Pamphlets on Sale and to Arrive.

Title.	s. d.
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Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History (Labriola)	4s.
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Principles of Scientific Socialism, a systematic and attractive statement of Socialist theories (Wells)	4s.
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Introduction to Socialism. Excellent for beginners, 64 pages (Richardson)	3d.
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Industrial Socialism. Explains why the Socialist Party stands for economic as well as political action (Haywood and Bohn)	6d.
The Right to be Lazy (64 pages) (Lafargue)	6d.
Socialism, What It Is and What It Seeks to Accomplish. (Wilhelm) Liebknecht	6d.
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